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## MEMORY GROWS BUSY AS WE GROW OLD

OLD NEWBERRIAN RECALLS  
CHILDHOOD DAYS.

When Newberry Had Less Than Half  
Hundred Residences—The Good  
Old Days—Scotch-Irish  
Settlers—Excellent  
Citizens.

"I'd rather today  
Be a tow headed elf  
Than to be this old fellow,  
I know as myself;  
To sit by a stream  
Where the waters call loud,  
Than to be as I am  
Just one man in a crowd.  
That hurries and tries  
To win a goal  
Whose mark is a dollar  
Lord, bless my old soul.

Lord bless my old soul!  
I am longing today  
For old hills I have climbed  
And a daisy groomed way.  
That I used to know well,  
Where the honey bees buzz,  
And a daisy groomed way.  
Knew what day it was,  
Without asking dad:  
When I drifted along,  
Through days and through ways  
That were bordered with song.

Oh boy, little boy  
Never long to grow old;  
The crook in the stream,  
And the cat birds that scold,  
And the days that glide by  
Are unnoticed and swift  
Where the birds sing their sweetest  
And golden leaves drift  
Are better than glory:  
Are better than gold,  
Or all the world holds,  
For the man that is old."

Oh Memory! Memory, thou hast  
power to lift the veil and let the spirit  
lead us back to the fairy land of van-  
ished years. In memory, I am stand-  
ing in the early thirties on the hills  
where afterwards dear wife and I  
lived and loved.

"Robed in the dreamy light of dis-  
tant years,  
In clustered joys serene of other  
years  
Here friendship lights the fire and  
every heart  
Sure of itself and sure of all the  
rest  
Dares to be true."

As I gaze, "Remembrance wakes  
with all her busy train" and I see  
the small inviting, pretty dignified  
village, beautiful for situation, nest-  
ling between the creeks, and including  
Major Nance's, the Academy, Ban-  
dusian and Cedar springs, fourteen  
springs, can you find them now? We  
see the Fernandes hotel, the largest  
house in the village, the old court  
house, Nathan A. Hunter's and Cap-  
tain Jack Caldwell's on the hill south  
of the village, the old locust tree and  
many others.

Of the times that I now write about,  
there were only forty-six residences  
in the village. What a splendid peo-  
ple were the inhabitants. The vil-  
lage was the abiding place of the most  
potent, moral and religious sentiment  
—a minimum of vice—private virtues  
exacted in the people. The men serv-  
ed God and their country, were hon-  
est, hearty, clean in thought and  
speech; the frantic rush for wealth  
almost unknown, and life was one of  
enjoyment without extravagance. 'Tis  
pleasant to remember them, the ma-  
trons were sweet tempered, loving and  
lovely—the maidens were as sweet as  
perfumed morning flowers, delicate as  
wild roses. I see five or six couples  
of lads and lasses smiling like pure  
sunshine, riding, dashing over the  
roads, the lasses virtuous in their ra-  
diant beauty, and frolics in the  
ecstasy of life's happy morning;  
cheeks full of roses, lips full of  
laughter and heart full of song, a bou-  
quet of youth and beauty, now sedate  
matrons, or gone beyond.

In the early thirties, there were love  
feasts in the M. E. church. It is  
lately that I have heard of one  
feast, from Rev. Peter Nicholson,  
preacher eighty-five years old,  
of the Pedee country, S. C. A no-  
man, and I have never seen or

heard of a class-leader in Texas, yet  
in this little village of some six hun-  
dred white people, there are four vari-  
eties of Methodists.

I remember two love feasts in the  
olden times in Newberry. The exhor-  
tations were full of love and energy,  
you did not feel the brazenness of  
words without emotion: the hollow-  
ness of eloquence behind which lies no  
love. Old time hymns to old time  
tunes shook the rafters: they were  
full of Christian love, such love as  
Rev. Henry Drummond describes in  
his sermon on the greatest thing, "It  
was not a thing of enthusiastic emo-  
tion, but was a rich, strong, vigorous  
expression of sound Christian charac-  
ter, a palpitating, quivering, sensitive,  
living love." It develops a sea of  
emotion, and without emotion, no  
love, without love, no happiness—no  
religion. Some shouted, others sat  
quiet in the rapture of repose. Some  
clap their hands, others laugh and  
some weep with tears rolling from  
their eyes, laughter and tears are  
close companions, a few fainted.

There was a settlement of Scotch-  
Irish, who worshipped at Kings  
Creek, A. R. P. church; they were a  
God loving, pious people, learned in  
Moses, the Psalms, and shorter cate-  
chism. The exiled Scots settled in the  
north of Ireland, hence were called  
Scotch-Irish.

"They were a people more moved  
by logic than rhetoric; more attrac-  
tive by acute reasoning, than enthus-  
iastic appeals."

In an early day, the predominant  
races in Newberry were Scotch-Irish,  
and that grand old German race (mis-  
called Dutch). You could tell a man's  
race by his name, but they so inter-  
married that the name was no index  
to a man's predominant race. No  
wonder by reason of this that the  
country stood among the first for in-  
telligence, energy, industry and moral  
excellence.

Among the Scotch-Irish were the  
Crossons. Thomas, the first one was  
the father of two sons, Alexander and  
John (my grandfather). Alexander  
was the progenitor of the King's  
Creek Crossons, and was a queer and  
good old man. Once riding up hastily  
to his son, he cried out in his  
wrath, "Oh Tom! oh Tom!" Quoth  
Tom, "What's the matter daddy?"  
your sister Ell has run away and mar-  
ried Bill Price, and I am going to the  
"Why your sister Ell has run away  
Hugh and John, and four daughters.  
Thomas was badly bent; had large in-  
telligent features, was a conscientious  
industrious, energetic Christian man,  
drawn as a juror for the term at  
which Graham was to be tried for  
stealing Joe Caldwell's negro, the  
punishment being death. Uncle Tom  
didn't know whether he could sit as  
a juror in the case until he consulted  
Moses. In Exodus, 21st chapter, 16th  
verse, he found that Moses wrote,  
"And he that stealeth a man and  
selleth him, or if he be found in his  
hands, he surely shall be put to  
death." He was then ready to try  
Graham. He had one son, James N.,  
and two daughters, Margaret and  
Jane. "I now leave my kin, but will  
hereafter write more about them."

There are three families of Sloans,  
long Jimmie, elder at Head Springs  
and long Jimmie's Jennie, Short Jim-  
mie, elder at Cannon's Creek and  
Short Jimmie's Jennie, Red Breeches  
Jimmie, but no Jennie.

Some one had robbed Short Jim-  
mie's potato bank. Two negroes, Is-  
rael, belonging to the preacher, and  
Aaron to Mr. S. The preacher, S.  
Newt Crosson and Ben McGraw were  
present; Israel acquitted proof  
against Aaron when S. proposed pray-  
er. S. announced "Well, Aaron, af-  
ter taking counsel of the Lord we find  
you guilty." Newt unrolled a leather  
strap, but S. would have none of it,  
and with a bunch of knotty damson  
plum switches, administered to Aaron  
forty lashes. If Israel and Aaron are  
living, they will remember.

W. B. DeWalt, a grandson of Tap-  
low Harris, was at school in Newber-  
ry when the war between the states be-  
gan. Some time afterwards he re-  
turned to his home in Texas. His  
father, N. B. DeWalt, had died in  
the army in Virginia, in first regi-  
ment, Texas Infantry. W. B. joined  
my company F, Fourth Texas Caval-  
ry. He was a true and gallant sol-  
dier. In a letter to me he stated that

## THE TYPEWRITER GIRL'S LOT

A STENOGRAPHER'S STORY OF  
DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

Many Women Attracted to New York  
In Search of Big Salaries and  
Great Opportunities—Low  
Pay and Hard Work the  
Rule—Causes of Un-  
rest.

Written by One of Them.

New York, March 10.—From seven  
until nine in the morning you may see  
them, in the streets, on the surface  
cars, the elevated, the subway, every-  
where in fact, these stenographers of  
New York. They crowd out of the  
down-town elevated and subway sta-  
tions in great throngs, and, hasten-  
ing feverishly along through the nar-  
row, crowded streets, are finally suck-  
ed in by the yawning doors of the  
enormous buildings that lower at  
each other across the dirt and tumult  
of the street.

From five to seven at night they are  
again seen, pouring out of the great  
doors, crowding into the stations,  
hanging to straps in the trains and  
cars; until at last the business traffic  
subsides and they disappear, only to  
turn up again on the following morn-  
ing at the accustomed place and time.  
They are of all types and national-  
ities, young and old, pretty and plain,  
stylish and shabby, gay and sombre.

Last year on one acre he raised 2,200  
watermelons, averaging forty pounds  
in weight. (I send you herewith a  
clipping from a paper about it.)

### A Bumper Melon Crop.

Two thousand and two hundred wa-  
termelons, weighing an average of  
forty pounds each, to one acre of land  
is a pretty good crop for a dry year  
in Falls county. That is the record  
kept by W. B. DeWalt who lives near  
Reagan.

Mr. DeWalt is sixty years old, says  
he has been growing watermelons  
since he was 15 years of age, except-  
ing the time he was in the army and  
he knows something about the melon  
business. He declares this is the  
largest single acre crop he ever saw,  
though he does not claim it to be the  
biggest one ever produced.

"Think of it, eighty thousand pounds  
of melons to one acre of dirt! That is  
forty-four tons and about five car  
loads."

The net proceeds of the melons sold  
footed up about \$100.00, though there  
were some 700 of the melons that were  
given away.

The seed planted was Alabama  
sweets. Mr. DeWalt would like to  
know if any other Falls county far-  
mer can show as good a yield for this  
year.

W. B. is a fine, intelligent, indus-  
trious, Christian man, and has a very  
interesting family. I am pleased to  
count him as my friend.

Sam Kennerly has moved to Orange  
and I miss him much. No one to talk  
to about Newberry. As I grasped his  
hand to bid him good-bye in the dusk  
of the evening, a little tear trickled  
out of the corner of my left eye—my  
weeping eye.

"There is no love like the good old  
love,

The love that sweetheart gave us,  
We are old, old men, yet we pine  
again

For the precious grace—God save  
us.

So we dream and dream of the good  
old times.

And our hearts grow tenderer,  
fonder,

As those dear old dreams bring sooth-  
ing gleams

Of Heaven away off yonder."

J. M. Crosson.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing,  
I found this in the Houston Post:  
Mr. Collins, the preacher, said: "The  
love feast tonight is looked forward  
to with much interest. This old cus-  
tom of 'eating bread and water,' a  
custom peculiar to Methodism, seems  
to have gone out of fashion in most of  
the city churches, (and I might have  
added, in country churches.) I want  
us to gather Friday night in loving  
communion in this simple old ser-  
vice." I would have enjoyed being  
there.

There is the tall, stylishly dressed  
attractive girl, and again the weary  
middle aged woman who has lost her  
youth in the service.

### Many Women Attracted to New York.

A great number of these women are,  
of course, native New Yorkers, but  
there is a large and constantly grow-  
ing percentage of women from the  
West and South, most of them stenog-  
raphers, who leave their homes, if  
they have any, and come here to New  
York, attracted by the rumors of big  
salaries and great opportunities that  
are to be found here. Are there such,  
I wonder, and if so, how are they ob-  
tained?

A girl comes here, say from one of  
the Western towns, to look for work  
as stenographer. First of all she has  
to get a room and arrange for board  
of some description.

She discovers that the very low-  
est rate for which she can get board  
and room is \$7 a week, and if she  
takes a room without board it will  
cost her not less than \$3 a week, if it  
is fit to live in. Perhaps if her re-  
serve stock of money is very small  
she decides that she cannot pay \$3,  
and instead takes a room of the size  
of a large packing case opening on an  
air shaft or lighted only by a sky-  
light. There will not be room in this  
box for anything more than a couch  
bed, a dresser and her trunk, and they  
are a tight fit.

This new unexpected environment  
somewhat depresses her at first, but  
she feels quite certain that it will be  
only temporary. Having unpacked  
her trunk and disposed of her be-  
longings as well as possible in this  
limited space, she starts out to look  
for some of the "great opportuni-  
ties."

### Tricks of Agencies.

On reading over the advertising  
columns of the papers she finds there  
are "whole columns of 'stenographers  
wanted,' and also whole columns of  
stenographers who want work. She  
thinks this is rather strange, but does  
not allow her mind to dwell too much  
on the stenographers who want work  
and turns her whole attention to the  
people who want stenographers.

Most of these advertisers require an  
answer by letter. She writes a care-  
fully penned and worded reply to a  
promising advertisement that reads  
something like this: "Splendid posi-  
tion for educated, refined young wo-  
man stenographer—liberal salary to  
right person."

In reply she receives a postal card  
asking her to call at So and So's  
agency, whither she at once betakes  
herself, hoping that this may prove to  
be something good. Arrived there  
she finds that the agent has only a \$6  
place vacant but is expecting a  
splendid opening to occur shortly with  
a well known firm.

If she will pay \$1 as a registration  
fee the agent will consider himself  
under a personal obligation to find  
her just such a place as she desires,  
and she must come in again tomorrow  
sure. When she has gone the agent  
sets to work to concoct another adver-  
tisement, this time intended for the  
"Situations Wanted" column. This  
new advertisement will read some-  
what after this fashion:

A refined, educated and thorough-  
ly experienced stenographer, law, lit-  
erary, medical or brokerage experi-  
ence, wants position with first-class  
firm. Moderate salary to start in.

### The Average Luck.

This probably catches the eye of  
somebody in search of a stenographer,  
then the agent tries to bring the two  
together. If he succeeds in getting  
them to come to an agreement the re-  
sult is that the girl takes a place at a  
much smaller salary than she had  
been willing to work for, and has to  
pay the proceeds of her first week's  
work to the agent who has been of  
such service to her. If he does not  
succeed, the girl gets no work and  
tries again, probably paying \$1 to an-  
other agent or to two or three other  
agents.

Occasionally, of course, a girl who  
comes a stranger to the city is lucky  
enough to drop into a well paying  
place but such success is rare. The  
usual experience is one of long hunt-  
ing, answering advertisements and  
calling on agencies, working in crowd-  
ed, noisy offices for \$6 or \$7 a week;  
not being able to get something bet-

ter, and either staying on there and  
degenerating into a mere typewriter  
drudge, or constantly changing about  
in the vain hope each time that the  
change may be for the better.

### Unrest Among Stenographers.

People outside of the city hear  
about the constant demand for sten-  
ographers in New York; if they could  
catch a glimpse of the hundreds of  
unemployed women who throng the  
office of one typewriter company ev-  
ery morning they might change their  
minds about this. Perhaps one cause  
of the prevalent opinion that stenog-  
raphers are very much in demand  
here is the fact that there is constant  
unrest in the stenographic world.

The workers are continually leav-  
ing their places and seeking else-  
where, only to repeat the performance  
when the new place has, in its turn,  
become unbearable. It might be in-  
teresting to know why this is so.

A fact to be noted first of all in re-  
gard to this phenomenon is that it is  
not the careless, incompetent and un-  
educated stenographers who are con-  
tinually eddying about in this un-  
settled way, but the superior class of  
workers, the educated, conscientious,  
intelligent, thoughtful women, who  
make it a point to know their busi-  
ness and are there to perform it. This  
is the class of women who do keep  
their places.

This, too, is the class of women  
who after a time become anxious to  
get out of stenography and the busi-  
ness world altogether, and get into  
some other line of work that will take  
them as far away from it as possible.  
The main reasons for this are as fol-  
lows.

### Low Pay; Careless Employers.

First of all, as I have said, it is ex-  
tremely difficult to get a place that  
pays any sort of respectable salary.  
The little eighteen-year-old New York  
girl who lives with her parents finds  
it about all she can do to dress and  
buy lunches and car fare on the  
salary that is paid her. What then  
is the girl to do who is entirely de-  
pendent upon herself, and has to pay  
for board and lodging at New  
York rates?

The superior woman stenographer  
hears that there is a great call for  
educated and conscientious workers  
in New York and she hastens here  
only to find that her class is entirely  
swamped by the overwhelming num-  
bers of illiterate, and often careless  
and empty-headed young girls, most  
of them having homes in the city, who  
are glad to work for \$6, \$7 and \$8 a  
week.

She finds, moreover, that the average  
New York business man is not  
penetrating enough to distinguish be-  
tween her and the members of this  
latter class; and that even if he did  
he would not be inclined to give her  
any preference, as he himself is usual-  
ly most sadly lacking in education;  
and since he does not know enough to  
use good English himself, or write a  
properly constructed letter, he can  
scarcely be expected to know whether  
his stenographer does so or not.

What he requires is rapidity, the  
ability, in fact, to do two person's  
work, and if the applicant is very  
rapid, both in her stenography and  
her typewriting, she may perhaps get  
a business position that is fairly re-  
munerative. But unfortunately many  
such business positions are accompa-  
nied by grave disadvantages.

### Lower Pay; Better Surroundings.

The office is probably noisy and  
dirty and constantly invaded by men  
who smoke vile tobacco, wear their  
hats, transgress every rule of grammar,  
and plentifully sprinkle their conver-  
sation with slang and profanity. If  
they have occasion to address her they  
do so in an offhand, impersonal way  
as though she were a machine put  
there for general use, or in a personal  
way that is infinitely more offensi-  
ve.

On the other hand, if our stenog-  
rapher finds that she cannot stand  
this atmosphere, and takes a place in  
the editorial department of some pub-  
lishing house, or as private secretary  
to some man engaged in educational  
or literary work or something of that  
description, while she finds the sur-  
roundings more congenial and less  
trying to her nerves and sensibilities,  
she also finds that the salary dimin-

ishes in proportion as the surround-  
ings improve.

In addition to this, she knows that  
no matter what sort of place she takes  
or how long she stays in it she can  
never rise to be anything but a stenog-  
rapher. She may be a very intelli-  
gent and capable woman, but no mat-  
ter how much she gets to know about  
the business she will still have to sit  
and take letters from the dictation  
of some cigar smoking assistant man-  
ager who perhaps knows a good deal  
less about it than she.

### Poorly Trained Stenographers.

One hears constant complaints on  
the part of business men of the care-  
lessness and unreliability of stenog-  
raphers, and, although there are in  
New York thousands upon thousands  
of conscientious, hard working, cap-  
able girls, who earn a great deal more  
than they get, yet it is undoubtedly  
a fact that there are thousands upon  
thousands of stenographers who are  
not worth their salt. But there is no  
telling what they might be if they  
were properly educated and prepared  
for their work, and then sufficiently  
paid for their services and treated in  
a proper, business-like manner.

The trouble just at present seems to  
be that a girl is forced out into the  
world before she has any weapons  
wherewith to fight it, or even defend  
herself from it. She no sooner gets  
through the public school which, good-  
ness knows, teaches her little enough  
than she is sent to a business college  
for three or six months, and is then  
considered fully equipped to earn her  
living. Thereupon a business man,  
who wants to get his work done for  
next to nothing, engages her as steno-  
grapher; and then he finds that the  
work is done badly he feels himself  
immensely injured and bitterly voices  
his complaint from the housetop.

This sort of thing might be par-  
donable if it existed only among fam-  
ilies that really could not afford to  
give their daughters better advan-  
tages; but such is not the case. I  
know of one man who is a college pro-  
fessor drawing a good income; whose  
daughter, aged 17, is a stenographer  
in a down-town office on a salary of  
\$7 a week.

### Daughters of the Well To Do Who Work.

And such cases are not at all rare—  
the ranks of stenographers are not by  
any means recruited exclusively from  
poor families. It seems to be the ac-  
cepted thing just now among all classes,  
except the very rich, that as soon  
as the daughters are equipped, be it  
ever so poorly, to earn a livelihood  
they are sent out to do so, and the  
fathers who brought them into the  
world consider themselves thence-  
forth freed from all responsibility.

Girls, too, are impatient to get out  
and "earn their own living," for of  
course, the father and brothers are  
earning much less than they would be  
doing if there were no women in the  
business world, and hence the girl  
feels that it is as much her duty as it  
is her brother's to start out and sup-  
port herself. A person who does not  
know about among business offices can  
have no idea of the immense numbers  
of women that are employed in them.

I know of one publishing house on  
Twenty-third street that does a fairly  
large publishing business. In the com-  
bined departments of this place, with  
the exception of the shipping depart-  
ment, there are three males employed,  
the publisher himself, the business  
manager and the office boy. The rest  
of the work is done by about forty  
women, who work there day after  
day for \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8 and perhaps as  
high as \$12 a week, and the two wo-  
men who oversee them get \$15 each.

### Woman's Rush Into Business.

I do not intend to enlarge here upon  
the great social problem that this  
condition of affairs entails, nor on the  
sort of preparation, physical, mental  
and moral, that it is giving to the wo-  
men who are to be the wives of the  
next generation and the mothers of the  
next. What I have aimed to do in  
this article is merely to enumerate the  
facts and let each person who reads it  
draw his own conclusions.

A few years ago when women first  
started going into business life in  
great numbers there was plenty of  
very fine talk floating about regard-  
(Continued on Fourth Page.)